

The mother of EJW: Caroline ("Carrie") E. Romer  
 (05-09-54--07-03-06)

#### ADDRESS

At the funeral services of Mrs. Millard F. Windsor  
 July 6, 1906.

I am not sure that I can trust myself to say all my heart would prompt to-day. The death of one so young, apparently so strong, so full of love and of the love of life, so full of the joy of living, seems to our human view an unrelieved calamity. To leave a world like this, whose beauty and whose bounty appealed to her more powerfully than to many,--appealed to her all the more because she had the temperament of an artist; To leave a home whose happiness and adornment had been her ceaseless care and pleasure; to part with a multitude of friends to whom she had commended herself by her friendliness and loyalty; to say goodbye to a family she idolized,--this looks like tragedy, tearful and untempered tragedy.

But that is not wholly unrelieved calamity, not entirely untempered tragedy, may appear when we remember that death has two aspects, a lower and a higher; that necessarily our view of death, from the cloud-bound shores of time, is but partial and incomplete; that one fact, if it may be established as a fact, or as a rational conclusion, would change the whole case, and transform the hour of seeming defeat into an hour of splendid victory. That fact, that conclusion, is summed up in the words of an apostle: "If our earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens". To Paul, these words declare a fact, for he introduces them with a "We know".

To our dear friend, they were a fact for at the threshold of her young womanhood she accepted and confessed this faith and in it lived and died.

Immortality, eternal life though Jesus Christ, our Lord, Heaven - the home of the spirits of the just made perfect, "those angel faces' smile which she had loved long since and lost awhile"- this is the fact, the conclusion, of the faith if you will have it so, in the light of which her death is not the terrible event it seems to be.

If we could be assured that she still lives; that the moment of her death was the moment of her introduction into a life more beautiful and bountiful than poet's pen or painter's pencil can describe; that she has passed into a splendor that transcends all thought, and yet that she has not passed beyond the recollection of earth's tenderest relationships; if we could believe that she still lives, and loves, and loves us, and waits till "in white death's tranquility", the veil of flesh shall fall from us and we shall see and know even as we are known, we would not "sit and grieve with lashes wet". Rather would we smile and give her joy on entering the eternal world. Rather would we rejoice with her as for a finished course and highest honors humbly won.